



And She Fell



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Chapter 1 by Brock Thompson

Just like Alice fell down the rabbit hole, she fell in the whirlpool.

Chapter 2 by intellikat



But unlike Alice, she did not survive the experience.

Here I am, filling out the report on a dreary Thursday morning. White female in her late teens. Drowned.

Take another drag on the cigarette. This umbrella sucks. Need to get a bigger one.

No signs of violence. Probably another kid playing near the reactor. Body found deposited near the mouth of the spillway.

Boss? Got something here.

I make my way to the edge of the water.

Muh interesting. Didn't expect this.

The girl isn't dead after all.

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Chapter 3 by JM



She sure looks it, though, all bloated and wrinkly and blue. I fix her with my most confused stare, and she responds by looking at me as if I'm the freak who just emerged from a whirlpool hours after slipping under.

I'll have you know, I'm only a little wet from the rain. Just damp, really. I'm sure my hair is fine.

Hers isn't. Let's focus on that. There's seaweed tangled all up in it, making her look like some kind of aquatic... witch... mermaid... thing. Her clothes are torn and stained, she's missing her shoes, and I already mentioned the skin.

I toss my cigarette in the water. Now the boss is staring at me like I'm the strange one, too. Great.

"Hi," I say to the girl because how else are you supposed to speak to some drowned freak of nature? "I'm officer Carde."

She opens her mouth and spits up a bunch of filthy water.

"Not in the mood to talk, huh? I get it." I turn to my boss. "Should we get her a blanket or something?"

"No," he said. "We need to move her before someone notices and calls the proper authorities."

Chapter 4 by 20hupj



The girl was damp, her skin pale and body lifeless. The only thing that kept me from believing she was alive was the uneven breaths that her chest shook out. Other than that I would call this girl dead.

"Where are we going to take her Carde?" my companion asked.

"Bring her to my house. She can sleep in my daughters room,"

Hopefully this girl didn't mind sleeping in a dead girls bed.

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Chapter 5 by Voskos

We put the girl in the front of the car. I looked at her thoroughly she was still dripping water. The girl was going to ruin my car's upholstery, just my luck. My companion

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had to return to the crime scene and left me alone with the blue girl. She was still breathing unevenly. She was fumbling in her trouser pocket for something. Her struggling was working on my nerves but eventually she got what she was looking for..an asthma inhaler. A look of triumph spread across her face. She inhaled deeply from her inhaler like her life depended on it. After that she was more relaxed. I did not have the heart to tell her that one side of her inhaler was missing, thus rendering it useless. Luckily, she didn't notice it and I was not going to interfere with the placebo effect it had on her breathing.

The blue girl looked at me and asked,"What's my name?"

Chapter 6 by CallMeFuzzy



Shocked, I almost swerved off the road.

"u-uh uhh", I stammered.

"What? Too hard? Let's start with an easier one, then. Where is this place I ended up?", she confidently interrogated.

She looked at me with wide, expectant eyes, like I was the weird one or something.

Pleased with the more simple question, I managed to compose myself enough to answer her. After all, in my line of business, she's not exactly the strangest individual I've had the pleasure of meeting. I'm sure boss has seen even weirder.

"You're in sunny California, kid. Where'd you come from?", I ask through the cigarette hanging out of my mouth.

The girl giggles and throws her head back on the seat, in an enthusiastic fit of laughter.

"No, I mean what deminsion are we in, silly?"

Chapter 7 by William Summers



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"Well there is no need to get all indignant. You will be completely briefed once i get you to a safe location. All i can say now is don't be afraid when your memory starts to come back. It wont be pretty."

"What do you mean?"

"You'll see. Just sit back and enjoy not remembering. You'll wish for this innocence back in not too long."

When the young refugees first come they can't remember anything. They don't remember their name, let alone the terror that they came from back home. Most refugees don't even survive the journey and just show up dead.

"We are almost there.", I tell her.

She doesn't respond. She still looks dead. Pale and flushed her face looks like a ghost.

Right as we pull in the drive she whispers something under her voice.., "My name is Keim."

Chapter 8 by Audrey Jiggetts



I stare at her. Keim?

"Uh, my name is.....Troy." She mulled that over for a moment.

"Troy. I like that." We hop out of the car. Well, she stumbles out.

"Troy. Troy, Troy, Troy." She repeats my name over and over again. I wonder if she's gone insane. Here I am, taking a flushed, possibly insane little girl to a safe location. I wonder if I've gone insane.

the end

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